

Literary News and Criticism

Heine as Seen in His Memoirs and Letters.

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS. From his Works, Letters, and Conversations. Edited by Gustav Karpeles. English translation by Gilbert Cannan. With portrait. 8 vo., 2 vols., pp. ix, 300; vi, 304. John Lane Co.

Based on that delicate bit of self-revelation, Heine's "Memoirs," written by him on his sickbed in Paris for "Die Mousse," who has been tentatively identified with Mme. Krintz, this book contains in addition all that has been found of the poet's letters since his death, the whole forming not so much a "really complete life," as the publishers claim in their preface, as a running commentary on and illumination of the biographies of Heine already in existence. Indeed, these two volumes will be of little service to him who approaches them ignorant of the outward facts and events of Heine's career, of the determining influences upon it of the Germany of his period, or of his verse. Mr. Karpeles, or the publishers, might easily have made the work of wider service by supplying a biographical introduction or connecting biographical notes in the text. As it stands, the book is for lovers of Heine only, who know the story of his restless, tormented existence as well as the beauties—and limitations—of his poetry.

Too often, in the letters here brought together, Heine merely alludes to happenings with which his correspondents were perfectly familiar, to which his devotees have the key, but which leave the beginner face to face with fragments

years of egotism and comfort," to reflect upon the reservation with which even the most convincing of self-revelations must be taken, and stop only to draw attention to his vigorous defence against the charge of journalistic venality brought against him in a German paper while he was in Paris.

The book, which has grown out of an earlier edition of the memoirs prepared by Mr. Karpeles some twenty years ago, is eminently worthy of the attention of the students and lovers of Heine. The publishers have given it a simple, dignified dress.

COLONIAL HISTORY

A Storehouse of Facts Well Presented.

THE WILDERNESS TRAIL, OR, THE VENTURES AND ADVENTURES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA TRADERS ON THE ALLEGHENY PATH WITH SOME NEW ANNALS OF THE OLD WEST, AND THE RECORDS OF SOME STRONG MEN AND SOME HARD ONES. By Charles A. Hanna. With 50 maps and illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo., pp. xxiv, 283; vi, 457. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Hanna prefaces these two sizable and useful volumes with an iconoclastic introduction, in which he puts on record his opinion of what history is not. Tacitus and Thucydides, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, Buckle and many other historians and their schools fare badly at his hands in energetic sentences that contain, after all, but little that is new. The world has long been aware that his-

takes to establish his identity among the numerous John Finleys of the time in that region. It is from this chapter that we quote the following appeal to the Dutch authorities at Albany by six English traders held captive by the Indians:

Dated from ye Conawagoos Town, Sirs and Christian Gentlemen of ye City of Albany, Greeting.

I am an English Trader of ye River Ohio; was taken on ye 26th of January last; lost 40 horses, whereof 35 was loaded with skins and goods to ye value of 4100 or upwards; me and six of my men was taken. Three of us are in this Town. One more is in another Town, about seventeen mile distant, in custody of ye Indians, as I am; and two more of us are in jail in Montreal, in a dungeon. In a manner, Sirs, we see there is no way that we can see for to get away, but by your means—to demand us from these for ye French Government has delivered us to ye Indians, to do what ye please; and they tell me if you will ask us from them we shall be delivered without molestation, and speedily; which I pray that you may take it in consideration and deliver us from this life of misery, from dying a thousand deaths, which is death itself, is preferable to life to me in this place. For Christ's sake, do what you can for us, and your petitioners are in duty bound, shall ever pray for your healths. I am of an ancient race of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania. Sirs, do your endeavor. If you expend anything, I am still able to make you restitution for it if I was got into Philadelphia. I beg your care and expedition.

All from your unknown friend and humble servant, DAVID HENDRICKS.

Mr. Hanna has done a capital piece of work, which is a welcome addition to the library of American Colonial history. The "common man" will revel in the facts chronicled here, even if he does not stop to apply his philosophy to their meaning, but it is the student of history whom Mr. Hanna has placed under a greater and lasting obligation.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

His Journal While in Prison at the End of the War.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. His Diary Kept When a Prisoner at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, 1865. Giving Incidents and Reflections of His Prison Life and Some Letters and Reminiscences. Edited, with a biographical study, by Myrtle Lockett Avery. With portrait. 8vo., pp. xiii, 52. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The original of this journal kept by the Vice-President of the Confederacy during his imprisonment in Fort Warren, May-October, 1865, is the property of the three children of his nephew, the late John A. Stephens, who was also the executor of his will. In her introduction, Mrs. Avery, the third of these children, says that, in transcribing the diary, she had to choose "among several readings possible for some expressions," but that her task in editing it has mainly consisted in reducing it to publication limits, for Stephens, in his efforts to keep from brooding, copied at length extracts from the Bible, the hymn books and the classics.

Grave impression of his situation and his endeavor to surmount it is gained in turning page after page of each copy. In his painful writing, particularly when he notes in accompanying entries that his eyesight is failing, his hand cramps and his hair has turned white. He reviews books, gives his every menu and all weather and thermometer changes. The extracts and matters as these are largely omitted. Other reduction is made in small points of style, as in substituting his briefest for his most diffuse form in giving dates, mail arrivals and other routine interests. Asterisks to denote omissions are dispensed with for the most part in abridgment of the diary.

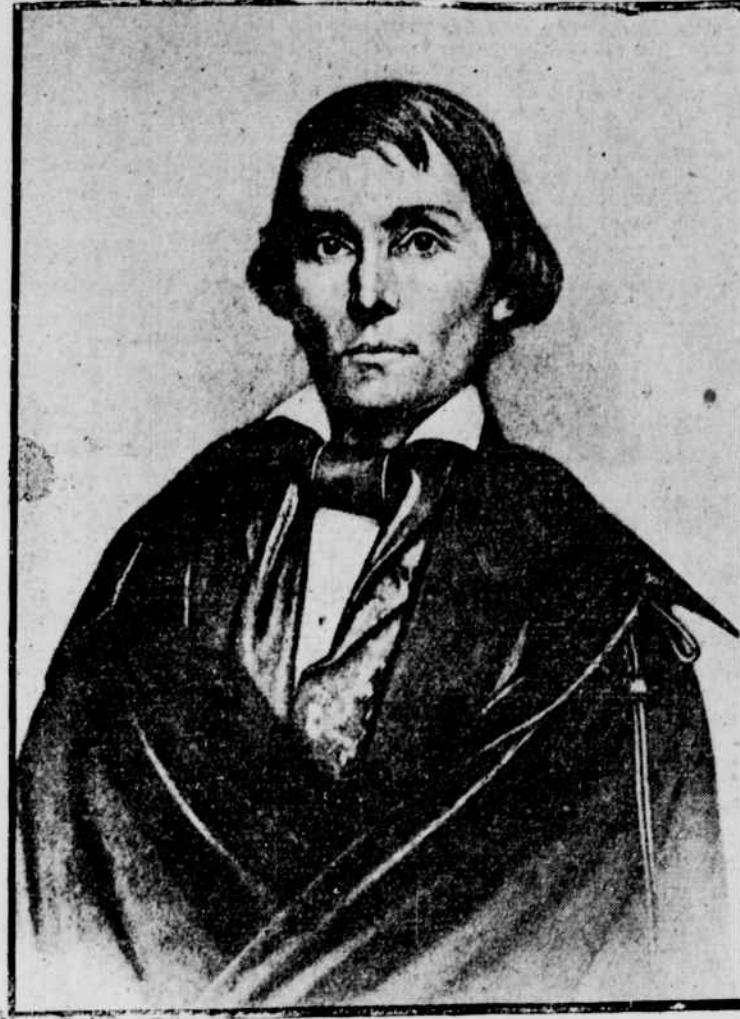
It was his habit to repeat himself in letters, writing the same thing in slightly different forms to several people.

The diary, as its editor points out, has an appealing human interest in its revelation of the man behind the statesman in his days of lonely tribulation. Historically, it is of less absolute importance because most of what it contains of Stephens's opinions on the principles, controversies, events and men of the period is found elsewhere in his writings, and in his biographies by other hands. It is when read in connection with this later literature, however, that the present volume often becomes suggestive in the retrospect. At the same time, the editor has provided it with a biographical introduction that makes it complete in itself in large, general outline, and does not overstep historically the boundaries of legitimate family pride. Stephens's severe judgment of Jefferson Davis, his policies and methods, has long been known, as has his ascription to them direct of the sudden collapse of the Confederacy. His views of state rights, of the authority of central government, of the Constitution, which was the idol of his allegiance, of slavery and the status and future of the

his apprehensions, and we find him reading the Bible, Cicero and Prescott, and commenting on them sagely and fruitfully, and, in the case of Prescott, with notable critical acumen. One of his entries says:

I think that if many of the ministers of the Gospel would on the Sabbath read to their congregations one of Paul's Epistles, instead of giving their own comments on particular texts, such exercise would be attended with infinitely more good than the sermons usually preached. Few people read connectedly these Epistles, the best sermons ever produced except the Sermon on the Mount.

There is a touch of pathos in Stephens's patient efforts to make friends with a mouse, but the shy little animal evaded him, accepting his offerings of bread crumbs and bits of potato



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

(From a portrait in "Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens.")

only in the darkness of night, and giving him in return nothing but the consciousness of his continued nearness. Side by side with these deliberate distractions of his mind there are constant entries testifying to his deep concern for and trained insight into the immediate future of his country, as well as references to the immediate past of strife and ruin. Of Grant, whom he met for the first time in February, 1865, he speaks with hearty admiration:

In manners he is natural and unaffected; in intercourse, frank and explicit; in thought, perception and action, quick; in purpose, fixed, decided and resolute. His ambition, if such may be termed his aspirations, is high, honorable and noble.

I look with more interest to Grant's future than to that of any man living. How far he may hereafter be controlled by circumstances which he cannot control is a question. . . . He is the Great Man of the Confederacy, not in bearing, requirements, or accomplishments, but in conception, thought and action; one of those master spirits which seldom fall.

This diary was eminently well worth publishing. Its right place is not only in the manuscript in the archives of his family, but also in print, on the shelf beside his "Constitutional View of the War Between the States" and beside the records of his life which we have from other hands.

HUMBLE ENGLISH STUDENTS.

From the Manchester Guardian.

The editor of the "Book Monthly," who has a gift of flushing fresh literary topics, has set certain newspapers capping an instance which he gave of refined literary tastes in a servant girl. It is not remarkable that instances should be numerous. Domestic servants have shared in the rise all around of the level of education. Instances of literary perceptions in surroundings far less favorable than theirs may be found, and a recent writer gives two. The first is that of an employe on the railway. He lived in a wooden hut on the embankment, and devoted his nights to the study of

FICTION

Current American Novels and Short Stories.

LIFE AND THE WOMAN.

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE. By Anna Chapin Ray. 12mo, pp. 358. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Miss Ray's latest novel is far and away her best thus far. Its grasp upon the realities of modern life is firm, its outlook sane. The title she has chosen should not be taken as a warning by those weary of fiction with problems and purposes, for it merely takes an average well educated, intelligent woman of today and places her, both before mar-

these latter days, and commanded the killing of the fatted calf by deserving it. He does so once more in this novelette of many colored pictures, and with a colored scene of courtship on its cloth cover. He returns incognito, however, and against his will at first, lured by beauty—beauty in his own family, at that—which he has encountered by chance. A firm of automobile manufacturers needs a racing driver to advance its cars by bringing them to the front. It all comes to pass rather naturally, as the reader recognizes afterward, however romantic the happenings that lead up to the happy ending, and— it is all in the family from first to last. The story has the merit of containing some spirited, admiring descriptions of auto racing, of the drivers whose names are known to two continents, and of the sport so popular and so important in our success. An entertaining trifle.

BOOKS IN PARIS

New Works of Biography, Fiction and Art.

Paris, February 10.

The beautiful Princesse Valentine Visconti, Duchesse d'Orléans, sister-in-law of Charles VI, who came to Paris, a girl of eighteen, in the year 1380, and who died in 1408, a year after the assassination of her husband, was one of the noblest, most fascinating and dramatic of the royal ladies of French history. This heroic princess has at last found a trustworthy and sympathetic biographer in M. E. Collas, who has devoted ten years to the work of searching and sifting libraries and archives in France and Italy in order to obtain materials for a complete and picturesque biography of this remarkable woman, who at the close of the Middle Ages appeared as a sort of graceful harbinger of the French Renaissance.

France was ruled in name only by Charles VI, the hopelessly insane monarch, whom no one could get rid of for lack of laws to provide for such a contingency. Valentine Visconti was persecuted by her sister-in-law, the wicked Isabeau, and narrowly escaped being tortured and murdered for "being a sorceress." Extolled by poets, praised by honest men and women, and the idol of the people, she was banished from Paris, and resided successively at Asnières, Villiers-Cotterets and Epernay. She was followed during her exile by a devoted group of poets, artists and faithful friends. M. Collas has discovered detailed inventories of the clothing, jewels, furniture and tapestries of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and the reader is enabled to reconstitute, in imagination, her life day

by day. The book, which contains a portrait of the duchesse receiving an illuminated missal from the hands of Honoré Bonnet, her devoted chaplain, is a valuable contribution to French medieval history. It is published by Plon-Nourrit, and its title is "Valentine de Milan, Duchesse d'Orléans."

M. Léon Daudet, as a novelist, views life through spectacles quite different from those used by his father, "La Métempsé," M. Léon Daudet's latest work of fiction, just issued by Fasquelle, deals with a complicated conjugal problem arising from a minute but essential point of dissonance between a brilliant and accomplished man of letters and his beautiful and no less cultured wife. In all other respects the couple are admirably mated. But this rift in the lute of domestic union leads to all sorts of eccentric developments, enabling M. Léon Daudet to indulge in incisive irony in regard to marriage, and to write picturesque descriptions of the semi-bohemian aspects of intellectual and artistic Paris. The couple are at last brought together again by common sorrow caused by the grave illness of their only child. But this rose-and-water conclusion is distinctly disappointing, because it is a mere makeshift to elude the only logical solution of the conjugal problem cleverly stated in the opening chapter.

M. Michel Puy, an art critic, who has the full courage of his opinions, has written a clever, concise little pamphlet, entitled "Le Dernier Etat de la Peinture," published by the "Edition de l'Union

Fransaise." Who are the successors of the impressionists? All painters of the slightest merit are more or less impressionists. Delacroix was regarded as a sort of revolutionary impressionist in his day. M. Puy has many striking original theories in regard to the work of Jacques Blanche, Simon, Cottet, Sidaner, Gaston La Touche, Desvallières, Caro-Delavallée, Anquetin, Signac, Van Dongen, Matisse and, above all, Bonnard, who is described as "doubtedly the best equipped (le plus doué) of contemporary painters." Unlike Michel Puy's candid, and at times startling, little book contains delightful French painting of to-day that are worth reading.

LITERARY NOTES.

Caroline White is the name of a woman who lives in London and is one of the happiest of women, content with her work and the way the world goes. There are doubtless many women whom these things may be said; but unlike Miss White, they are not a hundred years old. Here is a sprightly son who edited a magazine more than a half century ago, who sees to read and write almost as well as in those days, and whose other faculties are absolutely unimpaired. King George sent her a note of congratulation on her recent birthday and expressed his gladness that she still kept on her literary work.

Professor Tyler's Reminiscences.

The letters and diaries of Moses C. Tyler, the author of the "Literary History of the American Revolution," have been drawn upon for the volume of the "Life and Letters," which will soon be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. The book, it is understood, is full of personal recollections and anecdotes of the famous men whom he knew.

The Fair Dauphine.

Another volume is to be added to the apparently endless number devoted to that "Queen of Anguish," Marie Antoinette. Lady Youngblood is the author. She has chosen for treatment the period from Marie Antoinette's marriage (at fourteen years of age) to the accession to the throne of her husband. The author believes that this period has been sufficiently dealt with by English historians.

The Captious Poet.

A publisher has been giving form to the English "Book Monthly" to various complaints of his guild with respect to the ways of authors. Poets appear to be especially troublesome. "A writer of verse," he says, "recently requested



THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS AND HER CHAPLAIN, HONORE BONNET (From a contemporary print.)

a well known West End publisher to read a poem 'nine or ten times,' that the majesty of his diction and the music of his metre might at last penetrate to the great man's brain. Another poet, in the whole three weeks that his manuscript was under consideration, wrote a sonnet a day and sent it after the manuscript with a letter. The written version was generally followed, within forty-eight hours, by a typewritten duplicate. The annoyance caused by this post-misapplied energy quite cured the publisher of any enthusiasm he might have felt for the poet's work."

Confederate Memoirs.

The memoirs of the Confederate general, Johnson Hagood, traversing his experiences in the Civil War, have just been issued in Columbia, S. C. The writer did not wish his work to be published until fifty years after the beginning of the war. The record is military rather than political. Indeed, he mentions in his introduction, that "during the Confederate Congress did its work on all important occasions with closed doors; but partial statements of its proceedings reached the newspapers, and it was difficult for one in the ranks of the army to learn clearly the policy that governed its course." The work has been edited by Colonel U. R. Brooks. General Hagood was the officer in command at Fort Fisher who was accused of using unnecessary brutality in his method of ordering Robert Shaw's burial when the young Massachusetts colonel fell.

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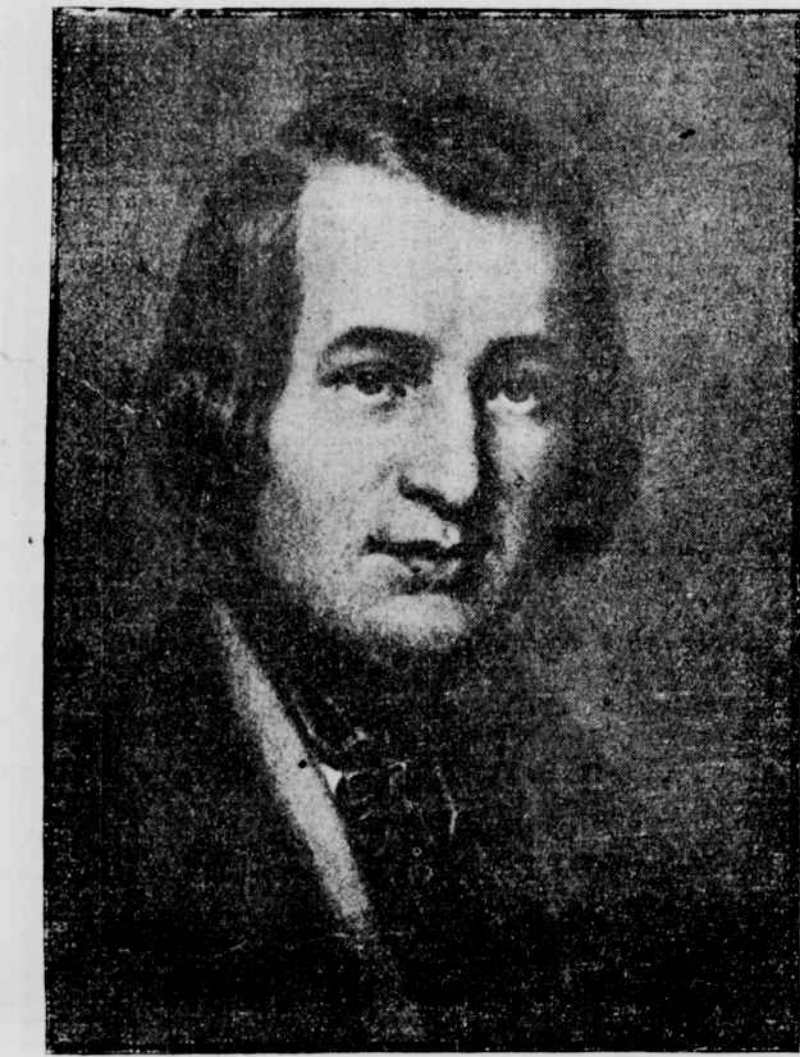
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HEINRICH HEINE.

(From a portrait in "Heinrich Heine's Memoirs.")

that require explanation to be found only elsewhere. This is notably the case, for instance, in his frequent references to his activities as a liberal journalist in a reactionary environment. The book, indeed, suggests a new life of the poet, preferably to be written by Mr. Karpeles, in which all that it contains can be used to complete, enlightening purpose and advantage.

Still, the self-revelation is there of the man in his many moods, of his wit and bitterness, his likes and dislikes, his desire to serve the political emancipation of his country, his love of personal independence. Of his emotional experiences, in the narrower meaning of the word, he tells but little; in fact, we know that the greater part of these "Memoirs" was destroyed by him before his death. On the other hand, we have in his correspondence many a glimpse of the man of letters in his practical mood, writing to publishers about the issue of his works, or valuing them objectively, and, sometimes, valuing them wrongly, as when he writes of his two tragedies, which failed: "I know they will be torn in pieces. But I will tell you this in confidence: They are very good—better than my collection of poems, which is not worth powder or shot." This was, however, at the beginning of his career.

The fortitude of this prisoner of his "mattress grave" in Paris is strikingly illustrated by the charming gaiety, the lightness of his touch, when in pain and sorrow he recalls the years of his childhood in the earliest pages of these "Memoirs":

As for Latin, dear lady, I have not the least idea how that became so complicated. The Romans would not have had much time left for conquering the world if they had first had to learn Latin. But, dear lady, the irregular verbs—they are distinguished from the regular verbs in that they are more productive of thrashings—they are indeed horribly difficult. Of Greek it is not my intention to speak for my irritation would wax too great. I was on better terms with Hebrew, but not so successful with it as my watch, which had much intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers, and learned the blessed tongue, and even the grammar of it, as I often heard to my amazement on sleepless nights when it ticked away to itself. Kittali, kittali, kittali—kittali, kittali, kittali—pokit, pokit, pokit—pikit—pikit—pikit.

He speaks with poignant feeling of home—by which, he explains, he will always mean the house at Düsseldorf where he was born—then tells playfully of the advice he gave his later owner not to sell it on account of its increasing value as the birthplace of a poet. Elsewhere in one of his letters he explains his patriotism, which was the love of a Germany not yet born, a Germany of free men and free institutions—a spirited repudiation of the unjust epithet of "renegade" so often applied to him. His exile was a matter of necessity, not choice.

In another letter Heine writes:

Byron's death has moved me much. He was the only man to whom I felt myself akin, and we were alike in many things. You may laugh at that, if you like. But, dear lady, the company of those men who are different from ourselves. But I have always been glad of Byron's company as that of a thorough comrade in arms and an equal. But I am not happy in Shakespeare's company: I feel only too well that I am not his equal.

We merely touch upon the contrast Heine draws between himself, "essentially an enthusiast, inspired with an idea, even to the point of self-sacrifice," and Herr von Goethe's "six-and-seventy



THE SUSQUEHANNOCK FORT OF 1670.

(From an old Dutch engraving in "The Wilderness Trail.")

free negro are all set down here, more or less formally, often merely passing, to be referred to again later on. Under date of June 11, 1865, he says of the part he himself had taken in national affairs:

I was in a railroad wreck near Macon in 1862, when a poor brakeman died who he could at his post to stay the smash-up, losing his life in his effort to save others. In the country troubles I did not act as he did; but seize the brake, to arrest, as far as possible, impending mischief, my efforts have been no more availing than were his. Perhaps in the end I shall fare no better; if not by sentence of law, by disease and death from imprisonment.

Stephens had ample reason to be concerned about his health in confinement, as the progressive entries of his growing weakness and frequent spells of indisposition prove. Yet his wide intellectual interests enabled him to forget

German literature. When the writer in question visited him he was working his way through the works of Heine with the aid of an extensive apparatus of criticism of well chosen books. The other example is even more striking. It is that of a worker at the slaughter house. He had devoted the evenings of a winter to a careful study of the "Hud" and the "Odyssey" in English, and was now studying the "Divina Commedia" in several translations, finding it easier to get at the shade of meaning of the original by collating a number of translations than by trusting entirely to one. "There was that man," says our authority, "living his life in a kind of inferno all the day, and laboriously studying the 'Inferno' at night. The truth is that although the sight of appreciating good literature and the power of creating it are different things, yet they much resemble each other in the apparent capriciousness with which they are distributed.

walrus to heron, killer whale and panther, with, in between, moose and caribou and black bear, and birds of sea and land in numbers. His animal psychology, while ingenious, does not step beyond the bounds of probability in these pages, and he offers it only tentatively, reasoning backward from acts to impulses. Not the least successful of his tales here is that of the lonely winter spent by a cat left behind on an island by its summer occupants.

LOCHINVAR ON WHEELS.

THE FLYING MERCURY. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Illustrations in colors by Edmund Frederick, decorations by Bertha Stuart. 12mo, pp. 135. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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